11.

UPON

His Majesties

LATE

DECLARATIONS

FOR

TOLERATION,

AND

Publication of War

AGAINST THE

HOLLANDER.

A POEM:

By *T. S.* of GRAYES-INNE, Esq;

Regum est——
Parcere Subjectis, debellare Superbos.

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UPON HIS MAJESTIES LATE Declarations, etc.

SO *Jove*, when he hath made his Anger known,
And finds the Trembling World his Juſtice own;
Diſcards his Thunder, and with man complies;
And at the laſt receives his Sacrifice.

The Penal Laws 'gainſt *Non-Conformiſts* made,
Juſt like *Joves* Thunder, theſe three Kingdoms aw'd:
But this Indulgence ſhews that Kings can be,
Although as Dreadful, Merciful as he.

The Title of *Supremacy* is now
Not leſſen'd, but increas'd: all *Sects* allow
Charles their Supreme, and him as *Head* obey;
Owning themſelves *Conformiſts* from this day.
Thus hath his Mercy added to his Store:
He's *Head* of *Churches* now, but *one* before.

No more ſhall wandring *Zeal* miſs-guide our feet;
All now are fixt, and ready to ſubmit:
Our hands and hearts unan'mouſly ſhall joyn,
And 'gainſt th' Imperious *Hollander* combine.

The Cauſe ſo Juſt, that Heavens, to do us right,
Would plague them ſome way, were we not to fight.
Perfidious *States!* whoſe Faiths no Leagues can binde;
But, like your *Ships*, ſtill move with every winde.
Like floating *Delos*, may your *Iſland* be
By *Pioneers* unſtak'd, and ſent to Sea;
Where barking waves, ſet on by angry windes,
Purſue you, till you have out-paſt the *Lines*:
And if they ever fix it, may it be
'Mongſt Strangers unto all Humanity.
And ſince your *Vaſſal-Fleet* denies to do
That *Homage* which unto our *Sov'raign's* due;
Our *Engliſh Oaks*, fram'd into winged Forts,
The ſtrength of Cities, and the pride of Courts,
Shall on the Surface of the *Ocean* move,
Our Right, as well o're *Sea* as *Land* to prove:
A Right ſo Ancient, not to be deni'd
Since old *Canutus* checkt the forward Tide,
And *Xerxes*-like, his Sov'raign Power to ſhow,
Did limit its *Proud Waves* how far to flow.
Is't not enough t' ingroſs abroad the *Trade*,
But muſt you too our *Narrow-Seas* invade?
From whoſe Exub'rous Spoils, you now are grown
From ſneaking Fiſher-men, proud names to own;
As *Hogen's Mogen's*, High and Mighty States,
And bid Defiance to all Potentates.
In your Diſtreſſes, our Protections gave
You ſafety; whence you now your Beings have:
Unto our *Empire* you did then agree,
And own'd us *Sov'raign* both by *Land* and *Sea*;
But now, Imperious *Upſtarts*, you are grown
So proud, as ev'n your *Foſt'rer* to diſown.
So the ungrateful Serpent, (*Æſop* ſhows)
'Stead of *Reward*, his ſpiteful *Venom* throws
Upon thoſe *Courteous Hands* that did replieve
His fading life, and him with warmth relieve.
And ſince you both alike ungrateful are,
You with the *Serpent* his *Old Curſe* ſhall ſhare;

Not

Not to be beaten only, or out-right
Be ſlain; but always creep when we're in ſight.
We'll make the *Belgick Lyon* Couchant lye,
And ſculk himſelf for fear, when we paſs by.

And now, methinks, I ſee Conſed'rate Gales
Of lucky *Windes* inſpire our *Navy's* Sails:
And firſt of all, the *Prince*, for State and Power,
Proud of her Royal Burthen, quits the ſhore;
From whoſe Broad Sides thick-planted Canons ſhow
Safety to us, and danger to our *Foe*.
Here *York's* brave *Heroe*, in whoſe ſingle Breſt
The ſcatter'd valours of *Fam'd Warriours* reſt;
With Reſolution, big as Fate, commands;
And parting, ſhoots at the departing Strands:
His Complement the grateful *Streams* repeat
Unto thoſe *Groves*, that to the *Royal Fleet*
Contributed their ſtrengths, who nimbly move;
Grown ſenſible, not thorow *Fear*, but *Love*.
The Generous Billows emulous to bear
So brave a *Fabrick*, croud to take their ſhare;
And o're their *Frothy Necks* the Veſſel rides,
And dances to and fro with ſportive Tides.

And thou, Great *Oſſ'ry*, in whoſe ſpriteful *Veins*,
Nobility and Valour joyntly Reigns;
With *Digby*, ſprung from valiant *Hero's* Races,
Who both add Honour to your ſeveral places;
Whom nothing but Allegiance, and to right
Our Nations wrongs, engaged you to fight.
Go on, and make a difference appear
Between a Courage hir'd, and *Volunteer*:
You were Commanders born; ſuch to obey:
You fight for *Honour* only, they for *Pay*.

Behold the brave *Lewina* now, who brings
A *General Wonder* with her Canvas wings:
Within whoſe *Wooden Walls* a valiant Brood
Of twiſted Nations, not well underſtood,

Unite their *Valours*; and in ſeveral *Tongues*,
Betray their *Zeals*, to right our Nations wrongs.
A Second *Babel*, fitted for the Seas;
Both for its *Height*, and choice of *Languages*.

Next, the Reſolved *Kempthorn* her ſucceeds;
Preferr'd to *Honour*, not by *Friends*, but *Deeds*:
His valiant Acts are Regiſtred by *Fame*,
And *Algiers* Pyrats ſtill ſhall Dread his Name.
The *Azure Flags*, upon his *Maſts*, appear
Like the *Blew Aprons* which the *Sea-Nymphs* wear:
Which ſhews, that with thoſe *Nymphs* h'hath often been
Familiar, and their Father *Neptune*'s Friend.

The *Loyal London* follows next to theſe;
Some call her the *Metropolis* of the *Seas*:
About whoſe walls, not *Thames*, but *Seas* now cling,
Wondring to ſee a *City* thus on wing.
Venice no more ſhall *Neptune*'s Darling be,
That ſtays aſhore, whilſt this purſues the *Sea*.
Here valiant *Spragg*, (like the *Lord Mayor*) appears;
Only this difference: *Spragg* his own Sword bears,
My *Lord*'s ſupported is by other hands;
This rules the *Sea*, whilſt t'other rules the *Lands*.
Nor is there wanting, to encreaſe his State,
A *Cap of Maintenance*: ſince his ſober Pate,
Still to his active hands commends Advice;
'Tis happy to be *Valiant* and *Wiſe*.

Brave *Harman*, now his *Fiery Ordeal*'s paſt,
Submits unto his *Watry Tryal* laſt;
Whoſe ſober valour ſhall encreaſe his Glory,
And gain new Plumes t'enrich a future Story.

Jordan, within whoſe Aged veins does flow
A Spriteful Blood, not quench'd by Ages Snow;
Like Reverend *Neſtor*, on the *Deck* appears,
As well for Prudent Conduct, as for Years.

The *Sov'raign* he Commands (a Ship for fight)
Deſign'd as well for *Wonder* as *Delight*.
Great was his Skill contriv'd ſo proud a Frame;
But greater was his Minde deſign'd the ſame.

Holmes, whoſe *Reſolves* are not to be out-done,
Having of late new *Wreaths of Honour* won,
Aſſumes a Courage fit for *Engliſh* men;
And newly off, bravely falls to't agen.
The *Michael*, once more, ſhall the *Dutch* perplex,
As once its *Patron* did the *Devil* vex.
His Dreadful Name, ever ſince *Scevelin*-Fires,
Affrights the *Dutch*; both Children, and old Sires.
All fly, if *Holmes* appear, and yield him place;
He gains a Conqueſt by his very Face.

And now my modeſt *Muſe*, jealous leſt ſhe
Should be ſuſpected of Diſhoneſty,
And have her Credit blaſted by ill Tongues,
Forward enough to offer *Virgins* wrongs,
Retires, and dares not further board the *Fleet*;
And 'faith the Author's glad enough of it.

FINIS.

The [illegible] Commands (a Ship for fight)
D[illegible] [illegible] for Number as Delight.
Great was his Skill courteous Ho proud a Frame ;
But greater was his Mind deſign'd the ſame.

Heroes, whoſe Exploits are not to be out-done,
Having of late new Wreaths of Fame won,
All him a Courage for Engliſh Arms
And newly off bravely fall to Sea.
The Admiral commands, ſhall the Dutch perſue,
And did the Deſign.
His Dreadful Cannons over Seas Fires,
All ſhakes the Ships, Men, Children, and old Sires.
All in Heaven appear, and yield him place ;
He pass a Cloud by his very Face.

And now my Muſe
Should be full
And have her Cheeks
Forward enough to offer
Reſtleſs, and dares not
And with the Author's glad enough of it.

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